

issue number one free

HOODWINK

Z

N

E



with:

powerhouse • mesa poetry • art •
vegetarian philosophy.

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Ph: J. Roberts.

Contest Number One: the person that writes in with the best possible answer to this issue's questions will get the Secret Prize and an interview in the next issue.

"You're lost in a forest, where there are these two Indians that are twin brothers. The legend says that one can only tell the truth and the other can only lie about everything. You come to a fork in the forest path and there's an Indian standing there, but you don't know which Indian it is. What one question do you ask him to know which way to go?"

Thanks to Scott (lettering and help), Flash Printing, Carolyn, Carlos Mesa, Chris Schneberger, Hoss a.k.a. Chris Hutchinson, Powerhouse, and everyone who was (and is) inspirational to me. I hope I let you know . . . write to: Hoodwink c/o David Font 200 SE 15th Rd. Miami, FL 33129.

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Subscriptions are free, but stamps are nice sometimes and necessary if you want more than two issues. Thank you.

...the only ones who will
care or be interested in them.
4 This zine is about me being busy



AN INTRODUCTION

This zine is about reading something. This zine is about being a good person and it is about ME (even though I am not necessarily a good person myself). This is all about what I think it means to be a good person. Everything in here has been included because it interests me, and that's it. The reviews were done by my friends. Yes, it's selfish, but you don't have to keep flipping pages, do you? No.

Hoodwink is not meant to be a straight edge zine, even though I am straight edge, have been straight edge, and plan on continuing straight through life. There are already, I think, enough zines out there to get straight edge people in touch with each other, and I don't like limiting myself or this zine with any labels like that. Why? There are too many things outside of hardcore and straight edge in particular that I (eventually) want to deal with, and straight edge kids aren't the only ones who will care and be interested in them. Yes, I think vegetarianism is a perfect example.

This zine is about me trying to be busy and responsible. Doing something; letting people know I'm alive. I think it's working so far, but never forget that this zine isn't me and you may not like the zine but you may like me, or vice versa.

I'm planning on taking a trip to New York City and Connecticut in July. You will probably be able to

read almost all about it in the next issue. Also being featured in the next issue is a more extensive review section and, hopefully, the art of Julie Doucet from Canada. Write for it, it's free with stamps.

Hoodwink is NOT about being half-assed. I was half-assed about being a good person and about being a kind, reliable person; I was half-assed about being a nice person; I was half-assed about trying to be creative and productive. I'm fucking sick of it.

Also, this is not The Amazing World of Riboflavin Skate Zine and has nothing to do with skating. In issue number three of it I said I was changing the name to Hoodwink Zine, but I decided to do this apart from Riboflavin entirely. Don't worry, I'll still be making Riboflavin ("Don't worry," as if anyone really cared).

Finally, I want to thank you for picking this up and checking it out, especially if you wrote to me or read this entire introduction. Have a good day.

p o u n d i n g

Pounding is the feeding of raw hate to a child who wants to feed on love because of preconceived plans of primitive discipline that just seems like the right thing to do but it's not because so much rides on that one dinner and he has to shut himself in a room and close the door and draw the blinds and turn out the light and retreat into the empty corner of sleep until he grows hungry and must rise again to face his master, his dinner, his life . . .

carlos mesa

POWERHO

Powerhouse is:

Ivan-vocals Tim-guitar
Scott-guitar Danny-bass
Andy-drums

In as many words as you like, what happened when you went up to Orlando with Brotherhood?

IVAN Ok We arrived at six, but we thought we were late because we'd thought it was a matinee show, but it wasn't, so it started at nine and we hung around for hours. But in the meantime we were just talking with all the bands and stuff-

(Recording Guy comes in and let out his best heavy metal cry, brief confusion)
ANDY Nice hat...

I: Alright, in Orlando-when we got there people were saying there was a Klan march earlier in the day.

TIM: I was talking to some kids outside and then about fifty of them marched down the street in rows- in order. I just froze, they all walked past us calling us chumps and downs.

I: That was later in the night.

T: Yeah, that was right before the show.

I: That's what I said. This is still before the show, Tim. Don't get ahead of yourself.

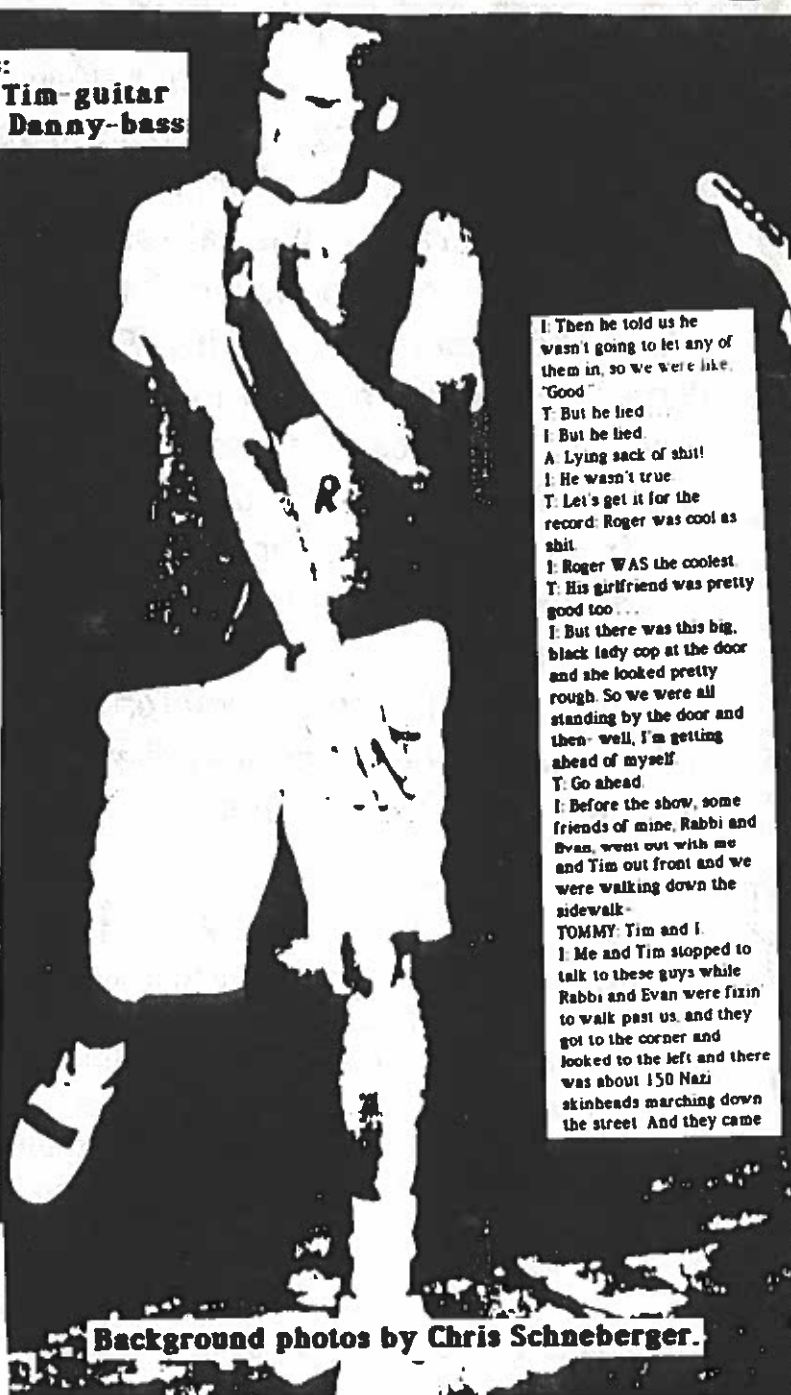
A: Tim, jumping the gun like that...

I: Alright, so the guy who was putting on the show, Roger, he said there was going to be a big conven-

tion there- A big Nazi skinhead convention with guys from Tampa, Orlando, St. Pete, so we were all shitting-

Yeah

A: Defecation occurred



I: Then he told us he wasn't going to let any of them in, so we were like, "Good"

T: But he lied

I: But he lied

A: Lying sack of shit!

I: He wasn't true

T: Let's get it for the record: Roger was cool as shit.

I: Roger WAS the coolest.

T: His girlfriend was pretty good too...

I: But there was this big, black lady cop at the door and she looked pretty rough. So we were all standing by the door and then- well, I'm getting ahead of myself

T: Go ahead

I: Before the show, some friends of mine, Rabbi and Evan, went out with me and Tim out front and we were walking down the sidewalk-

TOMMY: Tim and I.

I: Me and Tim stopped to talk to these guys while Rabbi and Evan were fixin' to walk past us, and they got to the corner and looked to the left and there was about 150 Nazi skinheads marching down the street. And they came

Background photos by Chris Schneberger.

USE

INTERVIEW.



up to this black guy and they just started beating him up, like all of them. They beat the hell out of him right in the middle of the street. So Rabbi and Evan, they walked back, and they walked past us, pretty fast. And we start hearing this chant, some kind of - I don't remember what it was - it was a Sieg Heil type chant. And we looked and there was about a hundred and fifty marching down the sidewalks, giving the Sieg Heil salute. So they walked past us and they were calling us names and shit, and they were pointing at me because I was wearing a Public Enemy shirt.

A: I'd be considering taking off the shirt.

T: What shirt?

I: So were like Oh, Shit and we went back in the show, before it started, and told Roger. We were like, "Damn, there's a lot of Nazis out there." And he said, "Oh, don't worry, we won't let 'em in." So then me and Tim and Brotherhood, we were standing by the door - ME AND TIM - and then they started coming in. We were like, "Oh, I thought you weren't going to let them in." And he goes, "Nah, this is a minority, they won't start any trouble." Yeah right. They all marched in, they

were all big, they all had the same shirt on with some kind of little insignia over the heart. And we were Oh, Shit, and Brotherhood was saying that they might not play, because they were fucking scared and I was like, "No, just play." So, a little while later, the first band came on, and they started playing and they got into their set - what?

A: What were they called?

I: Bloody Mary. It was Roger's band, they were good, though. They weren't real hard hardcore, but they were good. Kind of funky. Yeah -

(assorted unintelligible comments by all)

I: Okay, a couple of minutes into the first band's set they start fighting and, from what I saw (I was standing on the stage) I saw about five to eight skinheads just jump on one guy and they got him on the ground and they just kicked him to sleep, until he was unconscious. And then they stopped for a second and they dragged him outside, you know, to get him some air. The band started playing again, a few minutes later they started fighting again. They started like a riot

fight sort of everyone kicking everyone, so the band just stopped.

Bloody Mary ... ?

I Yeah. And Roger, who was the drummer for that band and also the guy putting on the show, he got up and started saying, "One more fight and that's it, the show's over. I want you guys to calm down." You know, he gave 'em a little speech and stuff. Read 'em the riot act. So then they started playing again and they started fighting again, so they stopped the show.

And they brought in the Orlando Police. There was about fifteen, twenty cops in there, and they told us to like stand against the wall on the side and stuff, and all the Nazi skins were like out in the middle. And they were wondering what to do, so I went up to, I guess it was the one in charge, the head cop, and I said, "See all the guys with the little insignias on their shirts, they got like a red collar and a red sleeve?" I said, "Those are the guys that you need to get out of here." So after explaining that to them, they kicked them out. And as the Nazis were walking out, they started waving their hands and chanting and stuff and they took 'em all to

his ass off until he took one too many. He fell over and hit his head. Even the band jumped in ... in Brotherhood, Greg, Chris and Ron, they all jumped in the crowd, playing. I sang the last half of "Breaking the Ice." T: Let's make that clear. Let's also make it clear that we stayed at THE coolest house in Orlando, at Roger's girlfriend's house, with the big-screen TV and

the pool and the jacuzzi and-

I And the Ecstasy Channel. T: Ooh, the Ecstasy Channel. I Yeah, we stayed up until like five AM.

(finally, a new question) What about labeling yourselves as straight edge or posi-core or whatever?

SCOTT: We're straighter than Walk Proud. We're straighter than anybody on the Earth. We're planning

on tattooing. It's all over our bodies. I'm gonna get a giant X tattooed on my face. T: No pun intended, we're very straight people. We don't mind falling into the "straight edge rut" because it's a great place-

people in the scene?

T: Hey man, it's true. It's hard for anybody who doesn't do any drugs to hang out with someone who's doing them because sometimes it doesn't mix. Sometimes it can but sometimes it just can't, you know? Everybody likes to pick out the bad in somebody. There'll be a kid who's dead drunk and I

juvenile or jail.

T: The kids there were cool because all the other kids, all the regulars, they were screaming and yelling at them and they got their balls when they were walking out.

I Yeah, we were screaming "No tolerance" and "Fuck you Nazi."

T: We should make it clear that the kids there, the Orlando scene, are really, really cool. If it wasn't for that big group of assholes that overpowered them, that'd be a really great scene. There was about two-hundred of those kids who were just the coolest. I: After that, the show was fucking insane. Everyone was jumping around, me and Tim were dancing on-stage.

T: I never dove so much. I: Tim started stage-diving

I: It's kind of labeling, but that's what you call it and you've got to call it something.

What about people who say you just separate yourselves from other



won't want to hang out with him because of that, and then there'll be a kid whose in moderation, like Evan or somebody, who I can hang out with any day of the week, and yet they'll pick on me for not hanging out with the other kid. They like to pick out the bad in people.

A: Ditto.

I: Yeah, ditto.

You think having done drugs before gives you any special insight and that people who are straight and have never been anything else have something missing?

I: Yes, definitely.

T: I don't think there's anything wrong with a fear of drugs. I mean, if you've never done it before and you're afraid to do it, fine. I think you're as straight as anyone else. But if you've done it before, you really do build up the hatred for it.

A: Yeah, then you've seen every side. Wait, is my mom going to read this?

T: Even kids who have never done drugs before have probably at one point been around people who were doing them, saw the damage, and decided they didn't want to do it.

What are your plans for the summer?

Wen's your next show and all of that?

T: There's too many plans for this summer, man.

We're planning on going on the East Coast.

S: I may have to get some kind of job, and I want to play tennis. I might play tennis, but it'll work out because my sister works like on Flager, so at three o'clock she'll be able to take me. Like on her lunch hour. It'll be great.

T: We want to play as many shows as possible, so back us.

I: We want to try and play and try and travel.

A: Yeah.

What about California? Is that pretty much out?

A: Oh, too much money.

T: I might go there August fourth to see Youth of



Ph: Chris S.

Today is their last show.

I: It's at Pender's.

S: What do think of your friend Dave?

T: He's alright. A little young.

Yeah, what made you ask me how old I was a little while ago?

T: Because someone said you're fifteen, and I was like Oh, no wonder you two (me and Scott) think everything in the world is

a shaft. Because you guys don't know.

I: You don't know what a shaft is...

T: I thought Andy was young because he was three days younger than me.

Scott, you're the youngest person and the smallest person.

A: Anywhere. In the world. Say that again.

I: I'm the oldest guy here.

How old are you?

I: Thirty-two.

in the band. Any experiences or attitudes you try to keep to go along with that?

S: It doesn't really bother me because, you know, everyone knows my ass.

Danny, what about wintermelons?

DANNY: Oh, man... damn. I was looking for something more than that.

S: Yeah, like W-H-O-O-O-O-S-S-S-S-H-H-H.

A: Whoosh, please.

(Andy puts mic up to Danny's mouth.)

D: Whoosh...

(Here, everybody sort of started mumbling "show" to themselves, so...)

What about the show the 27th with Brotherhood, the Accused, and SNFU?

S: It was good; we were playing and there were

people slam dancing.

A: There was a girl I talked to after the show who said she was standing there next to a punk rocker who was bash dancing and all of a sudden the tempo

changed and the punk rocker just pushed her down on the ground and started jumping up and down on her leg until he heard it break. It was horrible. Oh God, it was awful.

T: Slam diving.

A: It's the demonic, moral decay of this country. I don't know what's going to happen next.

I: Yeah, I saw some bash dancing, too.

S: With people attaching razor blades all over their arms and legs...

A: Oh, did you know that this wierd Christian dude in the late 70's was actually saying that these things were happening. I have a tape of it.

Wait let's not just make jokes about the show, Basterdface.

Basterdface?

A: Basterdface. The show was totally awesome.

Coming to the show was incredible; I really liked it.

S: Brotherhood met us over at Ivan's house and we rode over in cars, then we got there and we like

unloaded. It was great.
 A: We've got to be serious!
 T: I was late back to the sound check
 D: Whoosh
 T: I felt like a rebel
 A: Uuuuuu, Tim
 T: Hey, me and Greg went to the bench.
 TOMMY: They took a picture of a guy with his pants down.
 No you didn't.
 T: I grabbed his balls from behind.
 TOMMY: You were there too, weren't you?
 No, I wasn't; I stayed with Scott.
 I: Sound check was short, the set was good, we all couldn't hear each other, my voice was way loud-
 T: We know where Chris was coming from because I grabbed him by the balls.
 See, there's the theory of why I grab people's balls.
 If you know what a man's balls feel like you really know where he's coming from, you know? If he's

got those tight balls you know he's kinda, well-
 S: Like you ...
 A: He kinda keeps to himself ...
 T: If he's wearing boxers and he's all loose you know he's kind of laid back a little bit. That's the kind of guy we get along with.
 A: Loose-balled people rule

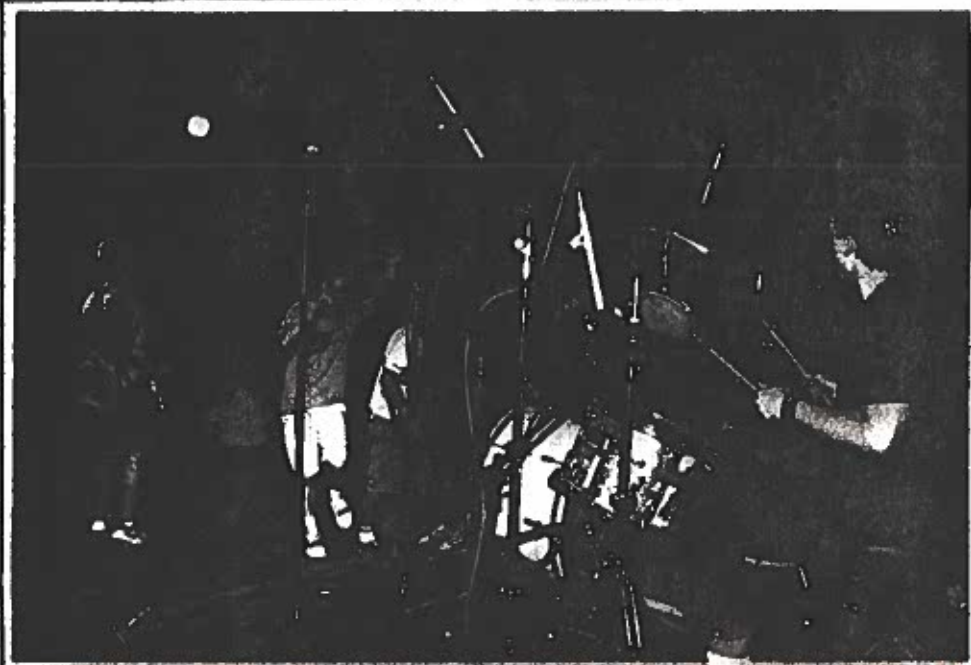
(mumbling)
 A: Oh, God, we've got to put that down
 T: We are not Grudge
 S: We've got a nice big 10' coming out
 What about the 7'?
 S: Oh, we're going to record it on New Age
 T: Out in California for Mike New Age.
 TOMMY: Who's your favorite roadie?
 (unintelligible shouts)
 A: Yeah, Diego.
 S: Dave, Dave and Diego.
 A: Dave and Diego and who's that bald guy that keeps bothering us?
 S: The one with the square on his head.
 TOMMY: Who the hell is this kid? I've never-
 T: You're the stupidest kid

I never met before.
 S: What do you think of our songs?
 TOMMY: I like the songs.
 I: I like all the songs too.
 (Andy grabs the mic.)

A: Give me that shit, O.K.
 The songs, they're hardcore songs, but-
 D: Shut up, pothead.
 A: Oh! Forget it. Dash ...
 S: Here. We play songs like, you know- we play FAST, and we go pac pac
 D: Like this ...
 (Danny bangs his hands on the table by the mic.)
 S: Like that ... and the people,

D: Miu niu niu
 (Sorry, I have no idea.)
 S: Yeah, like that, and it's like really fast, like Sex Pistols but also like Murphy's Law, and it's like fast. And then the people, you know, they MOSH. Aw, man, it's cool.
 (big confusion for a while)
 How can people get in touch with all of you?
 T: They can call me at 305-947-3968 or they can write to me at 2339 NB 173rd Street, NMB, FL 33160-4832.
 Thanks for the t-shirt and the recorder, Andy.
 A: Your welcome, David.

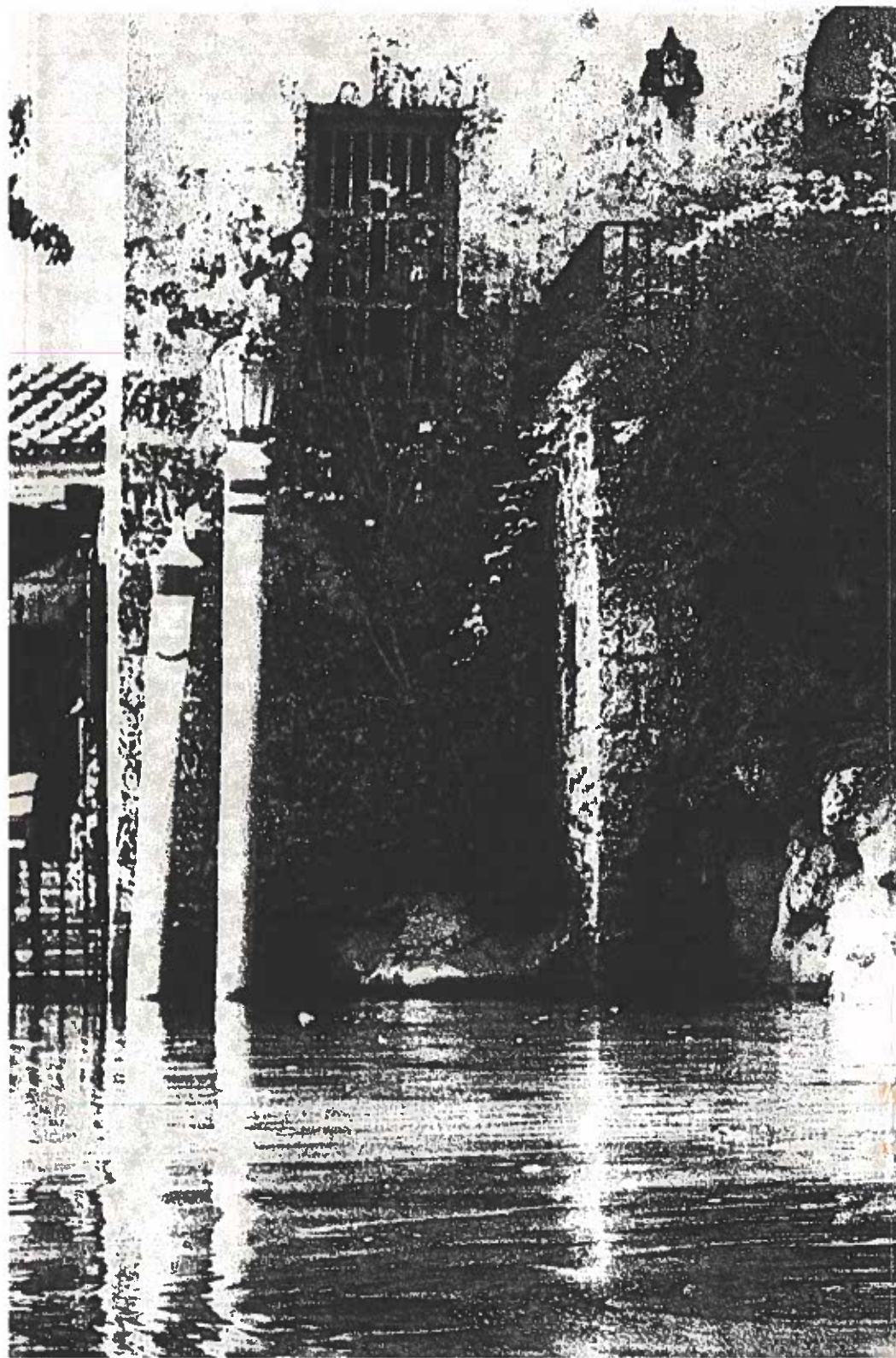
Ph: Ricky.



Ph: Chris S.



Ph: Ricky.





T H E

a new way of life

I remember something:

Once, a very long time ago when I was with my friend, we saw and heard this loud bird singing from a telephone pole in a construction site we were walking through. There was rubble all over the ground. We were walking across this empty construction site, skateboards in our hands and eyes focused on the annoying bird, when my friend picked up a little piece of rock off of the ground and threw it at the bird. He missed, but the bird flew away, frightened. The bird was fine, but the fact that he'd tried to do something like that in the first place pissed me off. So I grabbed a big rock that was on the ground and, with both hands, tossed it at my friend's head. I missed, too, but not by much, and my friend didn't really understand, so he turned around with this amazed, angry, and confused look on his face and asked me, in a voice much louder than that of the bird, if I was crazy. I said, "No, you asshole, the way this rock looks to you, that's the way the rock you threw looked to that little bird... the same way I could've splattered your brains with my rock, you could've killed the bird. And for WHAT?!" It all seemed very pointless to me, yeah, so was our skating and trespassing private property to do it, but who (or rather, what) was ever being hurt by that?

So my friend says, "Hey, man, Dave, calm down, it's only a bird."

"What do you mean it's only a bird? You're only a little fourteen year old, piece of shit human like me! What difference does it make that it's a bird you threw a rock at? Do you think because it's a bird it doesn't hurt when the rock hits it? Do you think it has more lives than you do, so it doesn't care about this particular one so much? NO!!! It only has this ONE, just like YOU... just think about it." By this time my friend was pretty scared, so I just told him to remember what I'd told him whenever he did something like that, even

though it is "only an animal," he agreed to, and we just walked on.

Even before I became involved in vegetarianism and animal rights at all, I still looked at animals in a way that made me different from most of the other people around me. Judging that your species is more deserving of life than any other is the most common and most disgusting form of conceit and prejudice there is. It's as if, because we are humans, we are the only kind of animal that feels pain and has a right to be alive without anybody or anything fucking with us. The truth is, it's like this: millions of people all over the country are freaking out and protesting wildly about abortion, calling it murder and all of that. Sure, it's murder, but what do you call a day at the slaughterhouse with hundreds of dead cows and their calves? What do you call it when the family sits down to a dinner that comes directly from that slaughterhouse? What about when they go out hunting and start shooting defenseless animals with guns? What do you call fur coats and, yes, leather shoes or boots... in this country, we still call all of it "sport" or "farming." That doesn't make any sense to me. I call it murder and I call it bullshit.

People have criticized me for saying that I value an animal life as much as a human life. If that seems twisted to you, it's because you have almost no value for the life of the animal. What I'd like people to understand is a respect for both humans and animals, and hatred for the abuse and murder of both, because, really, they go hand in hand.

What does that really have to do with being a vegetarian? Every time you bite into flesh, whether it's hamburgers, chicken sandwiches, or whatever, you're putting your appetite and pleasure before the life of the animal in your mouth. You may tell yourself that one person won't make a difference, and that leaving the steak untouched won't bring any

W O R D

cows back from the dead or anything (it's o.k. to laugh at that), and, in a way, you're right. If no one knows why you're not eating meat, they'll keep serving it to you, and more dead flesh will fill your plate. But if you explain to people why you don't want any meat and why you think it's wrong for anybody to be eating meat in the first place, then at least that's one less person who'll counted on to eat meat at the dinner table. Because of that, less meat will be bought at the supermarket or the butchershop for you, and less meat (cows) will be needed (yes, there really IS a direct relationship between cows and meat). That's one thing.

More important is the fact that you'll eventually change some people's minds and turn them on to educating themselves by finding out where their food comes from and what suffered and died to make it. That's all I try to do by writing these words and giving out leaflets to my friends: trying to let people know what I know. Never mind that it's cool for straight edge kids to do things like that these days and that Ray of Today or whoever passes out little pamphlets; what I'd REALLY like is for you, the person reading this, to look past all of the dislike you might have for me, any images you may have that you associate with vegetarians, or even the very sound of the word "vegetarian," and consider the reality of the facts that are at your disposal. Obviously, I want and half-expect many of you to agree with my point of view, but it would never be fair to make judgments on other people who eat meat, because almost everyone I've ever met was raised (at least upto a certain point) on a meat-eating diet. My main reason for this is to make some of you think about some of the things you do everyday and the way they affect other living things. That's what being open-minded is all about, whether it has to do with animals and vegetarianism or not.

Okay, so why be a vegetarian? First, ask yourself if you give a fuck about other living things. If not, fine: go ahead and eat as much meat as you like, but be prepared to pay the price later.

Meat is NOT good for your body in any way,

and every vitamin and protein we get from eating meat can be found in other food. There's not enough room in this whole zine to explain the medical aspects of not eating meat, but, believe me, I have read. Like I said, if you don't care, that's fine and there's nothing anyone can do about it: eat as much meat as you like, but this time it's you that will pay the price.

Another small thing that bothers me: people arguing with me endlessly about how eating meat is a good and necessary thing for good health, like they care so much and are so educated about and disciplined with their bodies, then I see them go and start smoking cigarettes or driving 100 miles per hour or something. Just think about it and try not to talk shit, because that's what lame excuses for laziness and cruelty are.

Please, also remember that this essay is pretty much entirely philosophical and very weak in the way of shocking you into not eating meat, but the reality IS very shocking, very ugly, and, once you've seen it, very hard to forget. The site of a cow being killed in a cell is not appealing when you're sitting down to your McBurger, but it's the truth. Seek the truth and shock yourself; I don't want to do it for you.

For those of you who are considering vegetarianism, remember a few things: first, it is very difficult to become a vegetarian and to explain to those around you why you do not want to eat meat. Many times it will be embarrassing to refuse or say something to support your point of view, and many times you will be discouraged by people who are very close to you. Second, it can be very inconvenient to become a vegetarian and keep a very healthy diet. It takes, often, an extra trip to the supermarket, an extra few minutes to cook something as appetizing as a meal with meat, or even an extra trip to some funky "health food store." Finally, being a vegetarian and seeing the difference it makes is probably one of the most personally rewarding feelings there is. It gets easier after the first rough spots after starting. The greatest reward will probably come to you a very long time from now. Thank you for reading this. Have a good day.

-David Font

MAILIN

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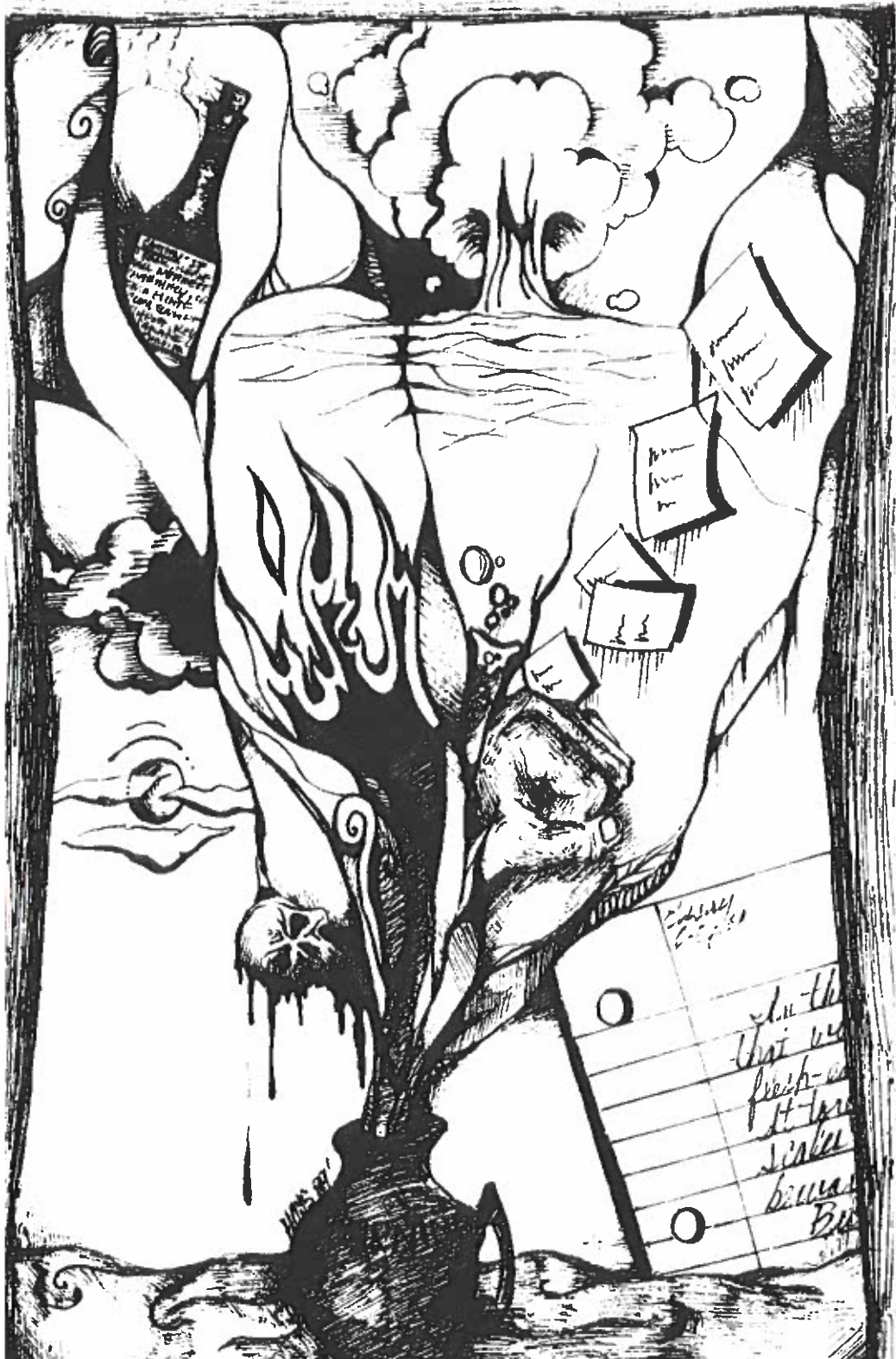
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WINE

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In the
that we
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THE WORDS

three poems by carlos mesa • SEIZURES •

It scrambles around,
eyes rolling white in their sockets,
and does flips
and screams tight silence,
and my head's the same way,
and sometimes you just gotta feel
 or you just might die,
and sometimes you just can't feel
 or you just might die.

There's poison in it's system,
and there's some in mine, too.
And we're pounding on the walls
and slamming ourselves against the floor
and smashing the glass
and staggering through the toxic haze,
 the poison glaze.

And the cold is so tight,
and the silence is so loud,
and the music is so glorious,
and it makes all the pain sort of flow down
 out of my toes and spread like glaze all over
 floor.

Like poison glaze,
that makes it scream so quiet
and heavy and burn.

And Saturday nights at home alone in silence
 grinding your teeth with nothing but
 pseudo-nostalgic Velvet tunes for life
 is the most depressing thing in this world

the most perfect thing for poetry,
when poetry becomes a necessity
because your grip on the pen is as tight
as the cold poison in your mind,
and the words scream and kick and circle
round and round, dazed and ugly,
(God, it's all so ugly)
and there's so much goddam cruel pain anger
shooting through iron veins and quivering
muscles and spitting rabid foam venom from
blood red lips . . .
Leaving you empty . . .
Nothing . . .
Forget it.

the window

The window looks
Like melted plastic
In my eye
I need to cry
I want to die
The window looks Like crumpled saran-wrap
Stuffed in my eye
As I lie
I want to die
There's a hissing sound
Behind the rhythm and melody
That fills my ears
That blocks the tears
I need to die
The window won't let me be reborn
First die, I must die
To live
Paradoxical window
Melting the night into gold streaks of
aluminum foil
And God,
I want to die.

weigh down depression

Depression weighs you down
like boulders on tips of mountains
waiting to crack
like a million VCR's smoking
video boredom to silence to silence the night
like a blank multitude of corpses
staring you in the eyes
saying that death is like depression
'cause it weighs you down
like a ton of bricks from the wall
between Heaven and Hell
like the invisible thick shroud
of failure and emptiness
like the hands and mouths
of unwanted children pulling
on the wallet of the soul
like pockets full of pennies and spare
change from wasted dollar bills
dragging you down as you wade through
the current of purchased sewage
like tombstones stealing money from the
pockets of the living
and women stealing life from the memories
of the dead
like tv vortex gravity that sucks you
into your couch
like so much heavy metal blaring soundless
style
like blind stone statue dummies
falling on you in your sleep
heavier than everything but the depression
that weighs you down
so that you sink like a rock to the
bottom of a colorless, soundless, thoughtless
sea of might
collecting barnacles and sea weed on the
ocean floor.

MUSIC

Operation Ivy "Energy"- 19 songs of fantastic, tight music that amazed me when I first heard it. Some of the songs can be called full-on ska, but the others sound a lot like early Clash (even the backing vocals). Oh yes!- they even have interesting things to say with their lyrics! !! Y&T may still have some copies, but you can send \$8 to Lookout Records (not the Believers) at PO Box 1000, Laytonville, CA 95454. DF



Chain of Strength "True Till Death" EP- Here's 6 really great songs from California's Chain Of Strength. Most of their songs are dedicated to people's mistakes in their opinions. They're a band I can really get into, and their music definitely falls directly into the "straight edge/HARD core" sound. This 7" is being distributed by Revelation Records, at P.O. Box 1454 New Haven, CT. 06506-1454. SLB

The Believers "Half Way Home" Demo- This is pretty impressive for a rising edger band. Their lyrics are rather depressing but the music is sharp and firm. It is definitely worth giving a listen to more than once. Send \$3 to the Believers at 225 Second Way, West Palm Beach, FL 33407. CAC

The Descendents "Hallraker" LP- This follow-up to "Liveage" is a Descendents-head's dream come true! All the songs you wanted to be on Liveage are on this one (pretty much). Greats such as "Kabuki Girl," "X-mas Vacation," "Good, Good Things," and "Cheer" are included. As Jack Nicholson would say, "Go check it out!" ARP

REVIEW

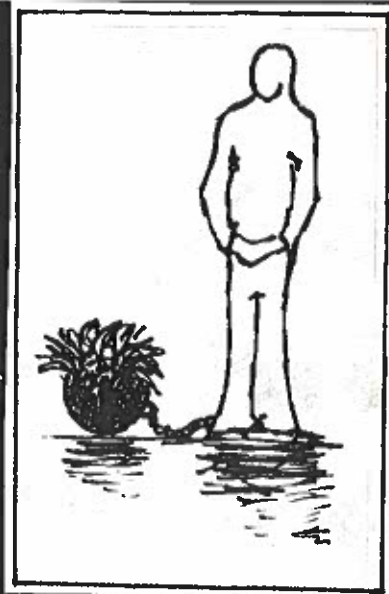


Vision "Undiscovered" EP- This New Jersey quartet varies from the oh-so- overdone hardcore sound by having sometimes- mid-tempo, most of the time melodic, and all of the time catchy songs, as well as intelligent, thoughtful lyrics. I recommend this record to anyone who is getting tired of the overused SE hardcore sound. I love the duh-nuh-nuh-nuh part in 'The Only One.' Write to Vision, 701 Meadow Road, Bridgewater, NJ 08807. ARP



Dave from Vision (from Thrasher)

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Ray of Today. Ph: Brian.

SEND TO: